

DEAFMUTES JOURNAL

VOLUME LX

Published Every Thursday,
at 99 Ft. Washington Ave

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1931

Subscription Price, \$2 a year.

NUMBER 38

Entered as second class matter January 6, 1909, at the Post
Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature"

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in
Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on July 19, 1918

The Man Who Has Striven

I want to walk by the side of the man who has suffered and seen and knows. Who has measured his pace on the battle line and given and taken the blows. Who has never whined when the scheme went wrong nor scoffed at the failing plan. But taken his dose with a heart of trust and the faith of a gentleman; Who has parried and struck and sought and given and scarred with a thousand spears— Can lift his head to the stars of heaven and isn't ashamed of his tears.

I want to grasp the hand of the man who has been through it all and seen. Who has walked with the night of an unseen dread and stuck to the world-machine. Who has bared his breast to the winds of dawn and thirsted and starved and felt the sting and the bite of the bitter blast that the mouths of the foul have dealt; Who was tempted and fell, and rose again, has gone on trusty and true, With God supreme in his manly heart and his courage burning anew.

I'd give by all—be it little or great—to walk by his side today. To stand up there with the man who has known the bite of the burning fray, Who has gritted his teeth and clinched his fist, and gone on doing his best, Because of the love of his fellowman and the faith in his manly breast. I would love to walk with him, hand in hand, together journey along, For the man who has fought and struggled and won is the man who can make men strong.

—ANONYMOUS

The Cowboy Cook

By Herbert Coolidge

The following story was told me by a hotel man who comes to Santa Barbara every summer from one of the desert towns in California: I was born on a cow ranch in southern Arizona. As schools in that part of the country were as numerous as hen's teeth, I got most of my education in the saddle. I followed range work until I was twenty-three years old. Then I was hurt by a horse and had to quit the hard riding.

As I had always been pretty handy with the frying-pan I thought I would try camp cooking. So I went over to the Ramada Corral, at Yuma, where some riders were outfitting to go down into the Cocopah country. Sam Myers, the boss, was one of those sober-sided jokers. When I asked him for a job he said:

"Down in those Cocopah Bottoms where we're going it ain't very healthy, especially for young people. "The meanest bunch of swamp guerrillas in Mexico and probably the world," replied Sam emphatically. "Yes, sir, Jose Machado and his gang of cutthroats sure are bad ones. They think they own the whole delta of the Colorado River. They've everyone down there bluffed out, including the Mexican *rancheros*—and also including myself as soon as I can get my cattle out of there."

After giving me time to digest these remarks, Sam said: "All right. We're pulling out at noon, so be here with your bed."

Beef, beans and bread, and two meals a day were all a cowboy expected in those days. And I only had five riders to cook for. The Hardy River country swarmed with game; and I spent my days hunting quail, ducks, deer and wild hogs and inventing better ways to cook them. Sam declared that I was the best cook in Mexico and probably the world.

Making hot cakes over an open fire is something that camp cooks as a rule can't do. Cooking them in a frying pan is too slow, and the heat is too uneven. But I figured out a system of my own. I made a scoop by cutting the top and one side out of a two-gallon syrup can. With this scoop I would dip up live coals from the fire and spread them out on the ground in a thin layer about a foot wide and eight feet long. Then I would string about six pie plates on this bed of coals and put a hot cake in the middle of each. If any of them got too hot I would sift some sand over the coals. When it came time to turn a hot cake, I would take hold of the edge of the pan with a pair of wire nippers and give it the high-up-and-over. We had plenty of crushed comb honey to eat with them, and there was a happy bunch of cowboys in that camp every morning.

After I had been in that camp a couple of months without seeing a soul but the outfit I was cooking for, I got careless. It was rumored that Machado's gang was operating over in Sonora. One day I went off down the

river after fish without any kind of shooting iron. It was about noon when I got back to camp. I noticed some tracks—riding boots with spurs dragging. Then I found that my rifle, Sam's shotgun, both my six-shooters and the big, new, pear-handled revolver that Sam had given me were all missing. The next thing I knew, armed horsemen came spurring into camp from all directions, seven all told; they were mighty mean-looking Mexicans. I put my hands up as high as I could, without waiting for any invitation. The mob gathered around me, every one of them looking as *bravo* as he could.

The leader of the bunch, a big, black, burly fellow, riding a fine sorrel horse, was wearing the new pear-handled revolver that Sam had given me, because it was the handsomest-looking and the crookedest-shooting weapon ever manufactured. It had been given to him for a Christmas present by a man who owed him two thousand dollars.

The leader reined in his horse close up to me, then, leaning over the saddle and tapping his chest, said in Spanish, "I am Jose Machado!" I guess he thought I was going to faint at the sound of that awful name. He seemed disappointed when I acted as dumb as an oyster. Then, in Spanish, he asked me what I was doing there. I could understand every word he said; but I acted kind of blank and worried and asked, "Don't any of you boys speak English?"

That was one thing I was always cranky about. I could speak pretty good Mexican-Spanish, but somehow I hated to do it. I never would do it until I made sure the other fellow couldn't speak English. I had begun this with Machado without thinking, and now it was too late to back out. Machado then began to call me a lot of names, all in Spanish. I could see he was watching to see if it would make me mad. Suddenly he said quickly to the fellow behind me, "Give him a kick."

I was so busy holding my face straight and trying not to act as though I was waiting for something, that I was greatly surprised when the fellow did kick me. I was hostile, too, and in a few well chosen words told that *hombre* what I thought of him. Machado seemed greatly amused. When Machado had his laugh out, he began questioning me, speaking good English. I answered everything he asked me, telling him the exact truth. Finally he asked, "Got anything to eat?"

"I sure have," I replied, welcoming the turn of the conversation. "That big pot on the fire is half full of frijoles, and that other one has six malard ducks in it, stewed with onions. They've been simmering there on the coals nearly all day, so they ought to be good. We're all ready to go as anyone comes in, and, as you men are hungry, and as you have the drop on me, help yourself. I'll feed my gang on beef."

"Your gang won't need any feed," said Machado, with an ugly grin. Then he ordered his top hand to tie me up to a mesquite, adding: "When we get through eating, we'll take him out in the brush and stick a knife in him." He said this in English, so that I would get the full benefit of it. I grinned, making believe that I thought he was joking. But it wasn't an easy grin, because I knew that Machado was a cold-blooded murderer many times over.

Those bandits hadn't had anything but jerked beef and coffee for a long time, and how they did fly into the stewed duck and frijoles! One of them said to Machado, "Don't kill him today—he's too good a cook."

They were all sure I didn't understand Spanish and talked freely of their plans. I heard them say that they were all out of cartridges for their revolvers, and that it was lucky they had plenty of rifle cartridges for the gringos. I gathered that the bandits had scouts out who would warn them when Sam and the cowboys approached with the herd. Their plan was to wait until the cows had been corralled, to shoot all five of the riders from ambush, and then take all their arms, ammunition and cattle.

I surely did rack my brains for an idea. I stood with my back to that mesquite tree watching the Mexicans eat. The way the rawhide thongs were cutting me I knew there was no hope of getting loose. I kept think-

ing of my five good friends being foully murdered.

Mexicans go strong on pepper, and the stuff I cooked wasn't hot enough. I called over to Machado, who was doing some fast work on the breast of a mallard. "Any of you boys like hot-cakes? We've got crushed comb honey to go with them."

Machado seemed to like this idea pretty well at first. But presently he asked suspiciously: "How you going to make hot-cakes for all this bunch without any stove? On top of what-you-call-em? A range?"

"I invented a system of my own," I replied carelessly. "And I'm said to be the best hot-cake cooker in Mexico and probably the world. And I'd a whole lot rather cook hot-cakes than have my hands chewed off by a rawhide thong."

Machado grinned and told his top hand, a fellow called Pancho, to cut me loose and to stand herd over me with his rifle and to shoot me down like a dog if I made a single false move.

I didn't waste a second getting that hot-cake batter ready. Because, as I had it figured out, my life and the lives of my five friends depended on my getting those hot-cakes on the fire before the bandits got beyond the "pass-the-pepper" stage. The bandits had built a big, quick fire to make coffee on, and it had burnt down so that the coals were just right. I soon had a couple of scowls spread along on the ground and my six pie plates strung out in a row. I gave the first stack of six hot-cakes to Machado and put some of the crushed comb honey close to him. All this time Pancho was stalking around close behind me, keeping me covered with his rifle. As he seemed gloomy over having to leave his dinner, I was particularly careful not to make any false moves.

Pretty soon, Machado, who was a fast, nervous eater, told Pancho to come back and finish his dinner. He said that he would take a turn at watching the cook. I was mighty hopeful when I saw that Pancho was taking his rifle with him, and that Machado, who was picking his teeth and couldn't be bothered with a double-handed shooting iron, was going to stand herd over me with that big, crooked-shooting pear-handled revolver that he had stolen from me. Things were coming my way even better than I had planned.

I was very busy juggling my six hot-cake plates. Apparently I was thinking about nothing else. And Machado was more than well satisfied with himself and the world, on account of all the stewed duck, hot-cakes and honey, and so on, that he had stewed away. He couldn't believe, at this moment, that a cook who had furnished him with such a repast could be a troublesome fellow. Or perhaps he was just too full of ducks and hot-cakes to do any very heavy thinking. At any rate, he went over and sat down where he could watch me from the shade of a tree about twenty feet away. That was good; the farther away the better. But, best of all, he was on the other side of the camp from the mesquite where he had tied his fine sorrel horse. All the other animals were grazing some distance away on their stake ropes.

I was all ready to go now—except for a good excuse to pass the pepper. The six bandits were all lined up around a small canvas that was spread on the ground to serve as a small table. It was in the shade of a mesquite about ten feet from the fire. Presently I saw an *hombre* helping himself to frijoles. That gave me the excuse I was looking for, and I remarked casually: "I doubt if those beans are hot enough, boys. That black pepper is no good; but here's some of that old red kind, hot enough to burn the roof of your mouth off."

Before releasing this remark, I had taken pains to fill my two-gallon scoop with fresh coals. To all appearances, I was about to string out some more of the condensed heat underneath my hot-cake pans. Now, as though not very intent on what I was doing, I straightened up. Still hanging on to my scoop full of coals, as though I had forgotten to put it down, I stepped over to the grub box and got the pepper can—it was a pound can and was nearly full—and started over to where the men were eating. I expected every second to get a curse or a shot from Machado. Without making any move that would excite his sus-

picious, I managed to loosen the lid of the pepper can with my thumb and forefinger. Then as I approached the feasting bandits, I suddenly dumped the whole can of pepper on the live coals, gave the scoop a quick shake to mix the contents well, and, with one sweep of my arm, showered the smoking coals and pepper over the circle of bandits. The next second the air was filled with ashes, live coals, pepper smoke and fine red pepper. I think that every one of the six bandits tried to cough and to sneeze and to choke and to yell and curse all at the same time. That was what it sounded like anyway. They all began scrambling in every direction, pawing tears out of their eyes, butting and backing into and knocking one another down. I could see at a glance that for two minutes at least, I had nothing to fear from those six bandits.

Machado's big, pear-handled revolver, the one that Sam had given me, went off with a bang. Whirling around, I saw Machado running toward me, shooting as he came. And I made a flying start for Machado's sorrel horse.

But a smoke-blinded bandit who was scuttling backward out of the melee got in my way. He was wiping pepper tears out of his eyes with one hand and trying to knock a live coal out of his topknot with the other. He was too busy to notice anyone. I grabbed a revolver and a knife out of his belt as I dodged around him. And I tried to return Machado's fire. But *snap-snap-snap* was all I could get out of that revolver. Then I remembered having heard the bandits say that they were clear out of pistol cartridges.

By this time Machado had fired six shots at me with the big, pear-handled revolver. He was a crack shot with a pistol—that was the reason that he didn't hit me. The better the shot the surer the miss with that revolver. Machado slammed the gun down on the ground, whipped out a wicked-looking knife, and made for me.

Did I run for that horse? Well, as far as I remember, I don't know for sure whether I ran or flew, or whether I vaulted into the saddle, or whether I just wished I was in the saddle and landed there. Anyway, I made wonderful speed. Two things I distinctly recall—the sight of Machado's black, ugly face, his white teeth showing like tusks, coming close behind me, and the horse I was heading for, scared at my coming at him so fast, trying to break loose. I was deathly afraid that Machado would have that knife into me before I could mount, and that the horse would break loose before I could get into the saddle.

But the next thing I knew, by some hook or crook, there I was astride my mount. Machado made a flying leap to grab my leg as I leaned forward to cut the tie rope. The horse, probably thinking that Machado was going to club him, gave a scared lurch to the side. That lurch probably saved my life, although it nearly threw me sprawling. Then, as my sharp blade sliced off the rope, that nifty mount of mine gave a great forward leap and was off like a bounding greyhound.

A glance over my shoulder showed me Machado running for a rifle. He sent ten shots after me; but it was a willful waste of ammunition, because by this time, I was well out of sight in the brush. I don't think he tried to follow me at all. He knew it was no use, because my mount was the fastest horse in the country.

I rode out, met the boys coming in with the herd and told them to look out for an ambush. But we didn't see anything more of the bandits.

Machado never came back to claim his horse, and, as I couldn't find whom he had stolen him from, I kept him. When I went back to Yuma I sold him for enough to buy an interest in a lunch counter. That was my start in the restaurant and hotel business. I succeeded because I take a real interest in feeding people—that was how I got on so well with Machado.

Pacific Northwest Services

Rev. Olaf Hanson, Missionary

Seattle: Wilhelmina Chapel of St. Mark's Cathedral, first and third Sunday each month, 11 A.M.
Tacoma: Christ Church North Third and K Streets, September 13th, 1:15 P.M.
Vancouver, Wash., St. Luke's, October 25th.
Portland, Ore., St. Stephen's, October 25th.

SEATTLE

Rev. George W. Gaertner, our minister for the past fifteen years, and his fine wife and two boys left Seattle Saturday morning, September 5th, for Oakland, where he will start a new church for the deaf, and where they hope the climate will benefit the health of their little son, Paul, eleven years old, who had been troubled with asthma for some years.

In spite of the tears shed among the Seattle deaf at parting with this longtime friend, a warm welcome is extended to the new minister, Rev. Walter A. Westerman, and his wife and sons.

The Gaertners intended to stop in Vancouver to call on Professor and Mrs. W. S. Hunter, and visit Rev. and Mrs. Eichmann in Portland on their way south.

The Lutheran Ladies' Aid gave a farewell party for Rev. and Mrs. Gaertner, August 29th, at the Wright's home and a check of \$25 was presented to them after speeches given by the following friends: W. S. Root, Mrs. Jack Bertram, W. E. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Wright, Mrs. Claude Ziegler, Mrs. Laura Foster, and Mrs. Robert Paterson.

Rev. Gaertner replied in an interesting speech, as did Rev. Westerman, our new minister. Refreshments were served by the committee, who were Auntie Pauline Gustin, Mrs. W. E. Brown, Mrs. W. S. Root, and Mrs. John Adams. It was the month of Rev. Gaertner's birthday, and Mrs. Gustin handed him a homemade angel cake covered with whipped cream and decorated with lighted candles.

Miss Marion Finch, having arrived in Seattle, the 29th, attended the Gaertner's farewell party, and spent a week with the Wrights and with her sister, visiting in town. Sunday, the 30th, Mrs. Jack Bertram had Miss Finch and a few others to a well prepared luncheon, prettily arranged in orange and blue. Two tables of bridge were indulged in for a couple of hours.

Rev. Westerman was installed at the church of Our Redeemer, August 30th, in the presence of numerous friends both deaf and hearing. Rev. Mr. Korsmeyer, from West Seattle, preached with Rev. Gaertner as interpreter. Mrs. Emily Eaton signed a beautiful song after the service.

The Labor Day picnic at Ravenna park had an attendance of about forty-five. Indoor baseball and other games were the program of the afternoon. Winners were Miss Mia Plum, Yvonne Ziegler, LeRoy Bradbury, and John Sojat. Committee in charge were Mrs. Victoria Smith, Mrs. Pauline Gustin, and Joe Kirschbaum.

Miss Marion Finch's niece, Mrs. Drake, is a teacher at the day school for the deaf under Miss Templeton. She motored from Nebraska last week, bringing her little girl, her mother and father to Seattle. Sunday she took Miss Finch and another sister of the latter from California to Portland to visit some friends for a day or so. Miss Finch returned to the Salem, Ore., school to teach for another term. Mr. and Mrs. Claude Ziegler had Miss Finch and the writer to dinner at their home, September 4th, and a little bridge party afterward to which Mrs. Jack Bertram, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Root, John Dorter, and A. W. Wright attended. Ice-cream and cake were served at the close of the delightful evening.

Mrs. Bert Haire, who had known Miss Finch, since she was a wee little girl at the South Dakota school, asked her and Mrs. Wright to luncheon at her home in Lake Burien. The visitor and the hostess had some good hours chatting about the many reminiscences of their lives. Modern conveniences have been installed at the Haire residence. We greatly enjoyed our visit and the country air. Mrs. Barbara Wildfang's life there is very happy and contented.

About twenty attended the N. F. S. D. Auxiliary party at the Roots' Saturday, and all had a most enjoyable time, playing progressive bridge. Mrs. N. C. Garrison and daughter, Betty, returned to Seattle August 30th, after a couple of pleasant months on Camano Island. The Garrison family have taken a lovely cottage on Pontius

Avenue, near Mr. Garrison's place of employment.

Forty-four were at the Madrona Beach picnic on Camano Island, near the Garrisons' cottage recently. Several spent the night at the Garrisons, and at Charles Frederickson's cabin. A merry time was had by everybody.

Mrs. Emily Eaton took in the Tacoma's farewell dinner party for Rev. Gaertner. She says the dinner was fine, and that there were about forty, who made a gift of \$15 to Rev. Gaertner. At the table, when jokes were related, a rather tiny man teased Mrs. Eaton that there were two of her and her answer was that there was half of him. Great laughter ensued. Mrs. Eaton is greatly handicapped by poor sight, but everybody is always good to her on the boat, when she goes to Tacoma. The purser would not collect from her, the last time she went. She came home in the Gaertners' Pontiac.

Mr. and Mrs. John Adams attended a picnic six miles from Ellensburg last month. It was well managed by Robert Rogers, Ed. Miland, and others. Mr. Miland drove a "truckful" of grub from Yakima. Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Belsor, of Wenatchee, were among the thirty-nine in attendance.

The Hunters left the Hunter's Den on Lake Sutherland August 26th, via the new loop highway along the coast. They were a bit disappointed at the scenery, which they think could not equal the Hood's Canal Highway that they were so accustomed to, having been up the past several years. They stopped in Kalalock to witness the interesting and unique celebration given by the Indians. They could not get out until about five hours later, on account of the immense crowd attending the highway opening.

Passing Lake Quinault, they reached Hoquiam and stopped at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Olson. In the evening, a crowd of deaf friends came greet the Hunters. Next day, they continued to Vancouver and immediately sent word to Alfred Goetz to come and help pick the Early Moore grapes. They have wordens and records ready to ship this week.

Mr. and Mrs. John Skoglund motored over here for their young daughter and son, who were visiting their grandmother near Tacoma. Walter Root, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Root, accompanied them to Spokane for another year in school.

The two Palmer families, of Lewiston, Idaho, drove over in their car to attend our Labor Day picnic.

Mary Bodley and Milo Root are among children of deaf parents who are attending high school this fall.

Mrs. Root's oldest sister was struck by an auto as she crossed the street to board a bus near her home. Three ribs were broken and she was badly bruised. She spent a few days in a private hospital.

Mrs. Rowena Walling, on her way to Anacortes to pay Mr. and Mrs. Cookman a two weeks' visit, stopped at the home of the writer for a day. Her father purchased a five-acre ranch two miles from Port Orchard and they are moving onto it. They have given up their plans for driving down south.

Mrs. Emily Eaton was the recipient of numerous gifts at her birthday party given at her home of Mrs. Wilk. Among the twenty present were Rev. and Mrs. Gaertner and Rev. and Mrs. Westerman and their children.

Mrs. May Gagne, of Everett, and Charles Fredrickson, of Stanwood, attended the Gaertners' farewell reception in Seattle.

E. Harry Langdon, of San Francisco, and Roy Hawley, of New York, are in town to find how working conditions are and to renew acquaintances with old friends. Both were former Seattle residents.

Mrs. Ruby Trudalls, of San Diego, is the latest comer. She wants to remain, provided she finds something to do.

Additional contributions to the Watson Memorial Fund are as follows: Lee Brown \$5 00 Nora Wiggins 50

PUGET SOUND.

The only bad feature about "service" is that you have to pay for it.

St. Louis

The Gallaudet Club held an euchre and bunco party on Labor Day, with a good crowd of those who did not go out of town. The games were lively, because the prizes were extra good. The lunch counter did a lively business.

John Werner, a barber, formerly of St. Charles, Mo., has opened a barber shop at 3506 North 20th Street, where he will be glad to see his friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Miller motored to Waterloo, Ill., before Labor Day, to visit Edward's uncle and aunt on a farm. They brought home a load of vegetables and fruits. The most important was fifteen dozen eggs and five friers, which Mr. Miller could eat, because he is on a strict diet for diabetes.

The wedding bells rang on September 5th for the marriage of William Lumbar to Miss Helen Smith by a Lutheran minister.

In the absence of President C. W. Haig, of Frat Division, No. 24, who is in Kansas City, M., Mr. Edward Miller, the vice-president, took the reins September 4th.

It has been the custom of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Udell to visit Mrs. Udell's mother in Paducah, Ky., when there are three holidays. They took advantage of Labor Day and took along Mrs. Ida Udell, Charles Udell's mother. They reported having a very good time on the farm, as the roads and weather were ideal.

When these items reach the JOURNAL readers, most of the schools for the deaf will be in full blast. Some are glad to get back, knowing that they will be promoted in their classes.

Mr. and Mrs. Salvatore Laberta are made happy, because a little boy came to their home recently to be with them permanently.

The Gallaudet Club movie has been doing finely these hot nights. It is to be hoped that there will be larger gatherings when the cool nights set in, because the movies are educational. Also it helps the club to meet its monthly bills.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Schaub left St. Louis for a two weeks' vacation. Mrs. Schaub going to Philadelphia to visit her relatives while William went to Atlantic City to have a plunge into the Atlantic Ocean. They reported having a good time in meeting their many friends. Of course, they traveled on passes. William has been with the Frisco System for many years.

Mr. and Mrs. William Stafford were on a Glencoe, Mo., farm recently, after fruits and vegetables. They found the usual gravel road torn up in parts for a new highway. Their Ford made the trip without trouble, in spite of detours.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Cheney have locked their home and gone on an extensive trip, visiting relatives in Michigan.

Mrs. William A. Stearns

Mrs. Gertrude Morrow Stearns, wife of William A. Stearns, died at her home in Georgetown, N. Y., on Sunday morning, August 2d, after a few days' illness. She was born January 24th, 1861, and was in her seventy-first year. She was the daughter of John and Susan Morrow. In early childhood, she sustained injuries in a fall from a wagon, which later caused the loss of both speech and hearing. She was educated at the Rome School for the Deaf, and forty-two years ago on June 11th, 1889, she was united in marriage with Mr. Stearns, of Orwell, N. Y., and since then they had made their home in Georgetown, N. Y.

Surviving besides the husband, are a half-brother, Frank Morrow, of Peckskill, N. Y., a half-sister, Mrs. Robert Wilkinson, of Midland, Pa., and a nephew, J. B. LaSalle, of Georgetown, N. Y.

The funeral was held at two o'clock Wednesday afternoon, August 5th, from the Methodist Episcopal Church, Rev. F. E. Morey, pastor, officiating, assisted by Rev. F. R. Tiffany, pastor of the Baptist Church. There was a profusion of beautiful floral pieces, attesting to the esteem in which the deceased was held. The remains were conveyed to Hillside Cemetery and laid to rest beside the other members of the family who had gone before.

Deaf-Mutes' Journal

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 17, 1931

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor
WM. A. KENNER, Assistant Editor

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at 1642 Street and Fort Washington Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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One Copy, one year, \$2.00
To Canada and Foreign Countries, \$2.50

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DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL
Station M. New York City.

"He's true to God who's true to man:
Whenever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
Neath the all-benevolent sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

Notice concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged at the rate of ten cents a line.

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Schooldays

School days are about to begin again. Year after year boyhood and girlhood has its beginning and its ending. There is nothing so fine and carefree as the romping, gleeful band of youthful spirit that holds sway at the close of each daily session at school. The planning of curricula is the business of the educated solons, to be carried forward by trained teachers, so that results aimed at may be achieved. But while the thoughts of the loving parents are mostly centered upon their own dear children, the multitude sees only the happy, boisterous boys, and the sweet and modest girls.

There has been much written about schooldays that is both amusing and pathetic. From the skyline of memory, we reproduce some verses that we read (and apparently memorized) half a century ago. School has started and "the winsome schoolgirl again is late!"

"She holds in her hand an open book,
And beats her breast with gentle rage,
And as she carries, with downcast look,
Endeavors to master the horrid page.

"But later, when the school is out,
And a flutter of ribbons is in the air,
And the schoolboys throw up their hats
And shout,

We see the schoolgirl's shining hair.
"And we wish as she heedlessly passes by
We would notice our most respectful gaze,
And with a glance of her roguish eye,
Lend a new light to our autumn days.

"But she passes on and does not see
The whiskered man whose heart she smites,
Passes heedlessly you and me,
Unconscious of our fancy flights.

"But she halts where the half-grown grocery boy
Awaits her coming with furtive look,
And, half in terror and half in joy,
Kisses him shyly behind her book.

"Ah me! this girl, who now enjoys
The sweet repose of fateless life,
Will give up schools and grocery boys
And be some fellow's charming wife.

"And her lord will pass by some, female school,
And be torn with envy one day to see
A half-grown, lubberly, skulking fool
Kiss a sweet schoolgirl behind a tree.

"The bride at the altar is sweet and fair,
The new-made mother is joyous to see,
The pious nun, as she kneels at prayer,
Has her thoughts where ours should always be.

"But the loveliest being that ever I knew
Was the schoolgirl, neither woman nor child,
And the thought comes back to me and you—
Would I were the boy that she beguiled."

The above is in lighter vein than the sweetly pathetic poem by Whittier, entitled "Schooldays." At schools in those days they had spelling contests, and in this particular instance a little girl had spelled down "the little boy her childish favor singled." She waited outside the schoolhouse door until he shamefacedly appeared, and said to him—

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word,
I hate to go above you,
Because—the brown eyes lower fell—
Because, you see, I love you."

NEW YORK

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.
A few words of information in a letter or postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

SURPRISE PARTY

The perennially youthful Mrs. Clara Miller recently passed her sixtieth milestone. Her many friends, wishing to take cognizance of the event, celebrated the occasion in the form of a surprise party in her honor, at the Mayflower Restaurant last Sunday evening, September 13th. True, Clara bobbed up a bit earlier than anticipated, nearly turning the tables on the plotters of the affair and a host of relatives trooping in to offer their felicitations; she was so much affected that she even shed copious tears of joy. At the conclusion of a bountiful meal, Clara was presented with a diamond-studded wrist watch, being the joint gift of her friends. The committee in charge of arrangements consisted of Mrs. Louis A. Cohen, Mrs. Sol Garson, Mrs. Samuel Greenberg and Mrs. Joseph Peters.

H. A. D.

New Year's services under the auspices of the Hebrew Association of the Deaf were held at the beautiful Temple Emanuel-EI, last Friday evening and Saturday morning. Rabbi Nash conducted these in an impressive manner, assisted by Mr. Meyer Lief. Messrs. Sol Garson and Marcus L. Kenner interpreted the sermons. The choir consisted of Mrs. A. A. Cohn, Mrs. Wm. Krieger and Misses Eva Siegel, Goldie Aronson, Celia Eisenberg and Kate Ross. Services on the most solemn of holidays will be held this Sunday evening, September 20th, at 8:30 P.M. and Monday morning, September 21st, at 9:30 A.M., in the same Temple, 1 East 65th Street, near 5th Avenue. All the Jewish deaf are welcome and are asked to cooperate by early attendance.

The opening social in the form of a "Get Together" will be at our headquarters, 210 West 91st Street, next Sunday evening, October 4th.

Morton Someborn, of Los Angeles, Cal., passed away on Thursday, September 10th. He was formerly a resident citizen of New York, and went to live in Chicago during the last World's Fair, but after the fair migrated to California, bringing with him a bride from Chicago, who survives him. His numerous friends in New York are grieved at his passing.

In his younger days, Louis Lyons was quite a pedestrian. When he moved to Texas he often walked from Waco to Austin. He is now in the sixties, but still a good walker. Living at 110th Street, he has often visited Battery Park, where ships from all the world pass to their piers or anchor in the bay.

After a pleasant auto ride with friends, Mr. and Mrs. Anthony C. Reiff spent a delightful September afternoon recently at the hospitable, comfortable home of Mrs. McClelland, of Mountain View, N. J., where they were royally entertained by her, and her kind and thoughtful daughter, Mrs. French. A luncheon was served on the old-fashioned piazza, which tasted so delicious in the sweet air among the pines.

On Sunday, the Misses Ione Dibble and Alice Atkinson, from Sheephead Bay, canoed to Rockaway Point, and then left the canoe there and hiked to Edgemore, L. I., to the camp of the Clark boys, a distance of sixteen miles. Arriving there they both were exhausted. Herbert Lieberz took them home in his "Ford Lizzie."

NARROW ESCAPE—Mark Twain once had a narrow escape. He was about four hundred miles away from his home, when his house was burned down.

Joseph Worzel can say almost the same, except that he was luckier than Mark Twain. Joseph kept his savings in the United States Savings Bank. Just before the bank closed, Joseph got married, and needing ready cash, he withdrew all except five dollars.

William Lustgarten, who is a great help to the department store of Lustgarten & Son, of Washington Heights, New York City, is spending two weeks at Atlantic City, and writes that he is feeling very much refreshed, and that when he comes back home he expects to be as fit as a "fiddle."

Mr. and Mrs. Julius Wollman, of Rockville Centre, L. I., have just returned from a delightful auto tour of Canada and New York State. They spent a pleasant week at Niagara Falls, Montreal, and many other beauty spots, in company with their daughter-in-law and friends.

A picture post card from Hamilton, Bermuda, comes from Mr. Al Wirshberg and his beautiful bride, who are at the Fanwood school, Miss Flora Christoffers.

The union printers out of employment hereafter are to be taken of. The new rule in effect is that they are to share work days with the subs, who will get three days a week.

Mrs. Nancy Moore and Mrs. Mabel Wilson, of Philadelphia, Pa., are enjoying the ocean breezes at Long Beach, L. I., as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Keith W. Morris.

Waldron H. Halsey is again at his home in South Orange, N. J., after a pleasant summer spent in Nantucket, Mass.

A Four Days' Visit in Chicago

Vacation days are practically over, with Labor Day gone with its series of house parties and the members of the social set are turning preparations for school for the younger set.

The writer just returned to Detroit from Chicago, where she spent four days with her old friends. She was accompanied by Mrs. Irma Ryan, of Detroit.

The twenty-sixth annual charity picnic under the auspices of the Chicago Chapter of the Illinois Association of the Deaf, for the benefit of the Illinois Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf, was held at the Elm Tree Grove, Labor Day, September 7th, 1931, and it was a success. The grove was crowded with more than five hundred deaf and their friends. Many of them remained until the late hours for dancing. Admission fee was fifty cents. Refreshments consisted of chop suey, beans, salads, etc., which were sold.

Mrs. Hyman, superintendent of the Home, was happy.

Many old friends from the four winds were there, wearing huge Panama hats. They sat and chatted of the old times, where cool breezes were blowing. The summer heat did not affect them. Many of them were old, yet still active in games.

It seems that a maze of flying fingers was so much interesting to the hearing, for many of them were seen peering through from behind the board fence outside.

William White, a veteran of Chicago, was there. It seems rather hard to part with his pal—the old-fashioned walking stick. He modestly regards himself as handsome with his walking stick.

Dr. George T. Dougherty and his ever-charming wife were there. The doctor certainly is a son of Erin, smoking his pipe all day. It seems the Chicago crowd could not get along without the doctor, for he was always surrounded with them.

Reporter Purdum was there, but he did not carry his pad and pencil with him, as is his wont.

One brought a pack of ordinary playing cards and played a game of solitaire, while on the table beside him was a plate of chop suey, Boston baked beans and a glass of milk, which he ordered.

Miss Carolina Hyman, daughter of the superintendent, of the Home is an attractive young brunette, and she is preparing to go to Gallaudet College this fall. She is fond of out-door exercises, and she was seen dancing most of the day at the grove. We visited the Pas-a-Pas Club Saturday evening. It was a business meeting, presided over by Mr. Meinken. About fifty attended, though the number of members is 150. Nice and well-ventilated hall. They plan to have a Shakespeare play in October. At this meeting, the writer's heart was gladdened, because she was a staunch member of this club years ago.

We enjoyed Rev. Flick's preaching service at All Angels' Mission, Sunday morning.

Plans for the coming Conference of the Church Workers Among the Deaf were given. The dates will be October 7th to 9th.

All deaf Episcopal Missioners and laymen have been invited. President O. J. Whildin, of Baltimore, Md.; Secretary Rev. G. C. Braddock, of New York City, and Treasurer Rev. H. Lorraine Tracy, of Washington, D. C., have sent notice of their intention of coming.

Attended Chicago-M. E. Mission for the Deaf, located in Ohio Building, 509 South Wabash Avenue, Sunday afternoon at three o'clock. Sermon was on "Faithful Service." The pastor recited a hymn, "One More Day's Work for Jesus." At 4:30 the Epworth League devotional meeting opened with President W. A. Zollinger. Labor an depression were the principal subjects of discussion. C. E. Sharpnack is the treasurer.

At 7:30 P.M., there was a service for the colored deaf.

No doubt many Washington, D. C., deaf will remember a charming lady, Mrs. F. A. Martin (Julia Hoener), who used to live in the Capital City years ago. Her home is at 7359 Evans Avenue. Her husband, Mr. Martin, is the president of the Church Members' Society of the M. E. Mission.

Also Mr. and Mrs. Erickson and Mrs. Elva Nanney Kasek. They anxiously inquired of the writer about their dear old friends in Washington, D. C.

While in Chicago, Mrs. Ryan and the writer were the guests of Mrs. LaMotte. Mrs. LaMotte owns a big brick house of nine rooms. She has an only daughter, who has a prominent position in the city.

At both churches and clubs the writer had the joyous pleasure of meeting her old classmates and schoolmates. Ten Illinois graduates of the class of '79 have gone, leaving Mrs. H. C. Holmes, Mrs. George Fraser and the writer.

Mrs. C. C. COLBY.

DETROIT

The opening of the Flint school sees two former pupils back in the role of instructors. They are Paul Zieske, coach, and Miss Boyer, who will teach sewing. Both graduated from Gallaudet this year.

Mr. George Stewart, editor of the Belleville, Canada, school paper, spent Labor Day week-end with the Lobsingers and other of his former pupils here. Both the editor and his paper are popular. Mr. Stewart took the Windsor pupils back to school with him. One of them is Master Damore, brother of our popular Rose.

Mr. and Mrs. John Cole and Mrs. Eldon Birdwell and children were among those spending vacations at Northern Michigan resorts.

The Ford factory is starting up, but only former employees are being hired. Several of the deaf are among the fortunate ones.

The family of Mr. John McKenzie was given a farewell party at their home in Hazel Park. They are moving to the farm.

Richard Berry, only son of Mr. and Mrs. John Berry, was married September 9th. Among the deaf from out of town who came to attend the wedding were Mr. and Mrs. John Curry, of Toledo, Ohio, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Snell, of Flint.

Mr. and Mrs. Unsworth of Akron, Ohio, visited Mr. and Mrs. Jackson of Royal Oak recently.

Among those driving to the annual Labor Day picnic at London, Ont., were Ed. Rayne, George Petrimoulx, D. Slotoka, Misses Slotoka Cole, Fairful, and also Geo. Tripp and Mr. and Mrs. Marshall, of Flint.

Those who remained at home attended the regatta on the Detroit River, where Kaye Don had his unfortunate spill.

The Detroit Association of the Deaf will celebrate its fifteenth anniversary with a banquet at the club rooms. F. McCarthy, D. Difazio and F. Thorniley are the live wires in charge, so it is sure to be good.

Recent visitors include Florian Quinn, Toledo; John Terrell, Toronto; Victor Kolowski, Lansing; W. Belenske and George Pifer, brother of Mrs. McSparin, Flint; Elmer Buch Heron, Ohio; Adolph Kresin, Port Huron; Otis F. Jenkins, Chicago; Bernard Grabowski and Wm. P. Flynn, Buffalo; Mr. and Mrs. McGinness; Mr. and Mrs. C. Hausen, Mrs. Ralph Bunting and Harold Andrews, Grand Rapids.

Misses Theresa Kohn and Marion Potts spent their vacation in Peck, Michigan, visiting Miss Potts folks. Mr. and Mrs. Edward All and children have left for their home town in St. Louis, Mo., after two weeks' visit with their friends, also were the guest Mr. and Mrs. Roy Lynch.

Mrs. J. Marshall's son and his wife left for Ohio to look for some tiles for bathroom fixtures. Mr. and Mrs. Marshall bought a lot and is building a new, up-to-date house, Spanish model, with three garages.

Mr. Frank Fleischer, uncle of Mrs. May Howe, died last August 11th, of cancer.

Mrs. N. Hardwick, of Akron, O., has been visiting with Mrs. A. Rutherford during Labor Day.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Rubin motored to St. Louis, Mo., to attend the funeral of Mr. Rubin's mother.

Mr. Clyde R. Barnett died on August 30th, of infection in the intestines, caused by a broken knee-cap, which he received last year in an automobile accident. He was known as a bachelor and was educated at the school for the deaf in Flint and was graduated there. He worked twenty-eight years at Stearns Laboratory Company.

The funeral services were held on September 2d, Rev. H. B. Waters officiating. The pall-bearers were his N. F. S. D. brothers, Messrs. Whitehead, Leach, Huhn, Kubisch and Dunn. Burial was at Woodmere Cemetery.

Mr. and Mrs. John Pisache and their children moved to New Jersey three weeks ago.

Mr. Arthur Hinch spent the week-end with his mother in Cincinnati, O.

Mr. George Petrimoulx took his mother and his little daughter to Point Pelée, Ont., for a few days.

Miss Rose Paul spent two weeks in Leamington, Canada.

A girls' beauty contest, the winner to be crowned "Miss Detroit," will be given by the Athletic Club of the Deaf, for the benefit of the athletic fund, at the G. A. R. Building, Cass and Grand River Avenues, Saturday evening, October 17th. Cash prizes will be given to the most beautiful girls. Refreshments, and music by the "Cocoanut Serenaders." Everybody is welcome. Admission will be fifty cents. Odell Ballman will be the chairman.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Day returned from their two weeks' stay in Greening, Mich., where they were visiting with relatives.

Mrs. E. Smyth's son, Anthony, who has been working in Reno, Nev., is suffering with three broken ribs.

Miss Lena Yack had a nice surprise when her brother and family from Woodstock, Canada, dropped in and made a visit with her last August 30th.

Mr. and Mrs. William Riekey, of Flint, have moved to a farm near Clio, Mich.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick are the proud parents of a baby boy, born on September 11th.

Mr. and Mrs. Karl Douglass, of Flint, are the proud parents of a baby boy born last week. They have four children now.

Mr. and Mrs. Wiley Kear and three charming daughters, of Flint, were visitors at the C. A. D., and were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. R. K. Baird. Mr. and Mrs. Isadore Israel and son, Arthur, spent Labor Day at Belle Isle.

The C. A. D. gave an outing picnic at Belle Isle on Labor Day, and it was a success. Over 300 deaf people were there. They all witnessed the Harmsworth boat race and saw Kaye Don's boat skid and sink. Mr. Jessie Grow was the chairman. Many out-of-town visitors were there.

Miss Frances Bell, of Toronto, visited with her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Ball, for a few days. She returned home Labor Day.

Mr. and Mrs. Rob. Nathanson, of Toledo, took Mr. John Curry to visit Belle Isle and the new zoo parks, on August 30th. They were also visitors at the C. A. D.

Mrs. C. Senowa was accompanied by her brother-in-law and his wife to visit for a few days in Dayton, O.

Mrs. Norma Huhn is under a doctor's care at the Receiving Hospital.

The C. A. D. gave a country keno social at the C. A. D. Hall, on September 12th. Mr. Heymanson, the chairman, arranged the social. It was a success. Mr. Geo. Davies won a basket of grapes and cucumbers, his wife won a basket of crab-apples, and their daughter won a bushel of cucumbers. Mr. Winner won a bushel of tomatoes; Mr. Louis Wilhelm won a sackful of potatoes; Mrs. E. Smith, a sackful of potatoes; Mr. Jenkins, of Chicago, won a bushel of apples; Miss Marie Irving, a bushel of cabbages; a pupil of the Flint school, a basket of grapes; Mr. Peter Hellers, one bushel of peaches.

A Chinese-rummy social will be given by the C. A. D. on September 19th.

A drygood keno social will be given by the C. A. D. on September 26th. Everybody is urged to come.

The Ladies' Service League had a keno social at St. John's Parish House, on September 11th, with a good attendance.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Buxton gave a party at their residence, on September 11th. About thirty people were there. Mr. and Mrs. Buxton spent several days in Niagara Falls, visiting their relatives. Mrs. Buxton suffered an infection to her foot. They returned home Labor Day and attended the picnic at Belle Isle.

Mr. and Mrs. James Henderson returned home from a month's visit with Mrs. Henderson's sister in Angola, N. Y.

MRS. LUCY MAY.

The Iowa Deaf

Iowa has 1,066 deaf, according to the 1920 census. The 1930 census on the deaf has not been released, but it is estimated there will be a slight increase.

Mason City members of the Iowa Association for the Deaf estimate that the state has more than 600 adult deaf.

The ratio of reported deaf persons to the population decreased steadily from 475 a million in 1860, then increased slightly in 1870 and increased very considerably to a maximum of 675 a million in 1880. In 1890 there was a slight drop and in 1900 the ratio was less than one-half of the preceding year. For 1910 and 1920 though somewhat higher than for 1900, the ratios were similar to those of the early censuses, reaching in 1920 only 425 a million population.

In proportion to population the deaf appear to be most numerous in the north-central parts of the country and less numerous in the north-eastern and west parts.

There is a relatively greater number of deaf among the whites than among the negroes and a relatively greater number among native whites than among the foreign born whites. Few deaf persons migrate from foreign countries to the United States.

Almost nine-tenths of the deaf of the United States have had some schooling, a proportion that is only a little below that for the general population, though it is to be remembered that as a rule the education of the deaf is of more restricted character than that of hearing persons. Nearly all educated deaf have received their education at special schools.

Notwithstanding the general handicap under which the deaf have to labor, and against which they have constantly contended, they are, as a class, quite "able-bodied" in all other respects, and remain in full possession of their faculties. As a result, the deaf are largely an economically independent class, according to the statistical analysis prepared by the United States Government. In the manufacturing and mechanical industries, generally, the deaf make good economic showing.

—Mason City, Ia., Gazette.

Much praise is intended to be mutual admiration.

On Niagara's Brink

Only two men, as far as we know, have ever passed a night virtually on the brink of the Horseshoe Fall of Niagara. Those men, says a writer in the *Wide World Magazine*, are Gustave F. Lofberg and James H. Harris, who were employed as dredgers. On an afternoon in August, 1923, their scow broke its cable, and they were at the mercy of the swift current above the falls. There seemed to be no hope for them. Down they swept, and then suddenly the scow ran aground almost on the brink!

The minds of the watchers on shore, says the writer, worked like lightning. They quickly decided on a line and a breeches buoy as a method of rescue. The Coast Guard station at the mouth of the Niagara River, fifteen miles or so distant, was immediately called on the telephone, and Capt. A. D. Nelson and his crew were asked to come to the rescue.

It was about three o'clock when the scow broke adrift; at a quarter past four Captain Nelson and a squad of men started for Niagara Falls in a big army motor truck. They carried with them the life-line cannon and other necessary apparatus. The question that agitated every mind was whether the fierce current would lick the scow away before the men could be saved? It was a race between the river and the rescuers.

When Captain Nelson and his men arrived they quickly set up the life-line cannon on the shore east of the power house. The captain sighted it and fired. High out over the river the projectile hurtled. It made a remarkable flight and then settled directly over the scow.

Lofberg and Harris grabbed the small line as it fell and at a signal began drawing it in. Attached to the shore end was a heavier rope, but the two men had a hard time hauling it across the swift current. Though those on shore carried the end up on the top of the power house and made it secure.

As the work progressed night came on, and big searchlights were brought into play. For a time the rescuers kept at their task, but after a while they reluctantly agreed that their efforts must cease until daylight.

Ont on the scow Lofberg and Harris were seen to lie down to rest were possible for men aboard a stranded scow, that at any minute might be picked up on a rising flood and tumbled over the brink of Niagara. It was a night of awful suspense, not only for the poor fellows on the scow and the men engaged in their rescue, but for the thousands of men, women and children who had lingered on the scene.

Daylight on the morning of August 7th, saw everyone alert. The scow still lay where it had run aground, though it might move at any moment. Quickly all the lines were cleared, and after a little delay the breeches buoy was sent out to the castaways. Lofberg helped his companion into the buoy, and before long he landed safe on the roof of the power house. Again the buoy was sent out over the rapids; when it reached the scow Lofberg climbed into it. Only a few minutes were required to land him on the roof, and then a great cheer went up from the watching crowds.

A School in "Ceylon's Isle"

The 1930 report of the School for the Deaf and the Blind at Mount Lavinia, Ceylon, gives a most interesting and suggestive account of the work for handicapped children in this polyglot island. At the end of the year 1930 there were 286 children in the school; 159 blind and 127 deaf. "These comprised Sinhalese, Tamils, Moors, Anglo-Indians, Malays and Burghers."

"The children throughout the school are wonderfully responsive and anxious to learn," reads the report, "and their lightness of heart and ready sense of humor makes them delightful to teach."

The small deaf girls have been given a May-pole around which they gaily skip every evening with great fervor and enjoyment.

Much industrial work is done at the school. Among the older boys are weavers, carpenters, basket-makers, tailors, electricians, printers and potters, and twenty-three of the girls are doing knitting and embroidery. Materials for this work is bought in bulk and recently accounts have been kept of the cost of materials and of the sales of finished work. The value of finished goods, which are sold in different agencies throughout the island, is encouraging. "This is very satisfactory since it shows that, given the facilities for work, our elder boys and girls are able to make good and to earn a living wage."

The school is under the supervision of a local committee and is largely supported by voluntary contributions.

—Volta Review.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Staffinger and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pantley, both Alhambra, Cal., have returned from a three weeks' motor trip through the North.

The Doctor Says It With Boots

A strange fact about the medical men of England is that they don't care to be called by their professional titles. Except on official occasions, says the Argonaut, an English medical man had rather you called him "mister" than "doctor."

A Harley Street specialist of great renown was golfing one morning when an acquaintance shouted to him cheerily across the links: "Good morning, doctor!"

The specialist shouted back in a gruff voice: "Good morning, wholesale dealer in boots and shoes!"

CHICAGO

That Labor Day picnic turnout was amazing in view of the prevalent hard times. There was no disorder. "One of the best and most pleasurable picnics we ever had," said Chairman Abe Migatz, Matron Mrs. Hyman herself handled the thankless task of supplying the eat—netting some \$93. A few of the many out-of-town visitors listed, were:

Wilford Picchioni, Rockford; John and Ralph Busjahn, Lena; the Miss Edith Tillmans of Highland; Miss Vivian Everetts, Rockford; Miss Edith Tappen, Chicago Heights; Mrs. J. Gottschalg and Julius Krafts of Joliet.

Stanley Bondick, of Rockford; the Dornsbushs, of LaSalle; Mrs. Lillian Stout, Decatur; Loren Cain and Jay Wilcox, of Beloit, Wis.; and E. A. Rhodes, of Armstrong, Ill., brother of Mrs. Ben Frank.

Fred Rapp, Kenosha, Wis.; C. P. Johnson, Rockford; the Louis Ighlarts, of Jacksonville; while from Aurora came Charles F. Strobacker, and the Charles Schmidts, Andrew Knaufs, and the Hitchchens.

The Otto Pauldings, of Steger; Mrs. John Clearly, of Jax; the Stinchcombs, of Morris; the Fred Stinchcombs, of Rockford; Mr. and Mrs. Austin Baird, of Beloit, Wis.; Granville Webb, of Portland, Ore., was in the city on a visit.

Nitto and his wife are the latest additions to local circles. Born in Italy, they have just come from Binghamton, N. Y., where the plant making all kind of kitchenware sold out to a Chicago firm. Out of 300 employees, Nitto was one of only eight engaged to move to Chicago by the local firm.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Craig, of Peoria, are welcome additions here.

Mrs. C. C. Colby, of Washington, D. C., veteran correspondent for the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, who passed some time with her married daughter at Detroit, came here with Mrs. Fred Ryan on a low excursion, Saturday, September 5th. Both were visitors at the M. E. Mission Sunday. Mrs. Colby told of most of the deaf-mutes in Detroit being in straits, having done nothing for months before the Ford Motor Company recalled half of 65,000 workers to work this week.

Rev. Hasenstab, returning from a month's vacation at Delavan Lake, showed up at the H. J. Home Fund picnic with a sunburnt face. Rev. Flick was also seen there.

It takes a good deal of guesswork to determine which group excels in numbers—the excursionists or the visitors from outside the Windy City—during Labor Day.

From Canton, O., there hove into view Mrs. Howard Durian in the car of Mr. Robert Powers, famous for his inter-city lifts.

From Detroit, Mr. and Mrs. Saul Rubin hailed, and were greeted everywhere, attesting to their popularity. Saul's ear-to-ear grin has not shortened yet, and his wife is no less pretty than heretofore. They left for Detroit Wednesday, September 9th, though Saul expressed his hankering to make their abode in Chicago again.

From Milwaukee, Mr. Sam Becker made a solitary trip to Chicago and stayed over at his aunt's, and, though he visited but one deaf couple, he enjoyed himself at Riverview Park at the national baseball game.

From the same town, Mrs. Edwin Tewles and her interesting and promising daughter were seen at the picnic given for the benefit of the Illinois Home for Aged Deaf. Miss Caroline Hyman was visiting them for a few days and accompanied them to Chicago in time to take in the picnic, where she made herself generally useful. Miss Charlotte Tewles is now in Milwaukee, and her favorite worry, at present, is as to the future career, which she is most ambitious to carve for herself. Her younger sister evinced no lesser degree of aspiration.

Though both are in their teens, these orators show their outlook equally intelligent and alert, that one would like to find in many others.

Quite a number of visitors from Wisconsin were noted.

Henry Pines visited Detroit for about a week during his vacation.

George Eccles made a trip to Madison, Wis., to see his wife, who is at present living with her parents. Walter Werner brought his family to his summer home at Birch Lake, situated between Minocqua and Tomahawk, Wis., to make the most of their three weeks' vacation.

Jack Gevirt and Hugo Pulver made a one-day trip to the Delavan picnic in the former's brother's car, and, from there, they picked up George Pick, the good picker, who happened to have taken his week's vacation at Elkhart, Wis., and then strayed to Delavan. This trio flew down to Chicago in order to attend the Illinois Home picnic.

John B. Davis tendered his resignation to both Chicago Division, No. 106, and Likem Bowling League, as vice-president and corresponding secretary respectively. The reason is that since his parents have moved to their summer home at Edgerton, Wis., apparently for good, he took advantage of this change of residence to enter the Delavan School for the Deaf in order to learn printing, with an eye on

OHIO

Among the names appearing in the newspapers of 100 students who have been chosen on the basis of individual merit, high scholarship, aptitude and professional promise for the freshman medical class at Ohio State University is that of William K. Romoser, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Romoser, of Columbus. He has had two years of previous college work. Some years ago, William, while a boy in school, met with an accident to his eyes and had a long stay in a local hospital. It was while there that he became enthused over becoming a physician himself, and now he is nearing his goal.

Dr. Robert Patterson is now visiting with his son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bond (Bertha Patterson), in New York City.

In wandering through Columbus' fine arts gallery, we came upon a large painting of zinnias in bright colors. It was so striking and natural that we looked closer and found this on a card: "In Memory of Hannah Davis Greener. From Her Family."

Mrs. Mary Corbett, of Bellaire, and Miss Henrietta Gould, of the State of Washington, have been together in Columbus for a few weeks. They spent an enjoyable week at Buckeye Lake, a popular resort for Central Ohio people.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Davis, of Trenton, Mich., and formerly of Sandusky, O., are now living in Columbus, across the street from the school, much to the joy of Mr. and Mrs. Beckert, as the latter can daily see her parents and look after their comfort. Then Mr. Davis can look over at the boys at play in the school yard.

Mr. Ernest Zell and Miss Ethelburga, Zell after enjoying the gypsy life in their Hupmobile for several weeks back, are home, looking and feeling grand. Their trip took them through several States in the West and ended at Cincinnati, before coming back to Grandview.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Norbert Pilliod, Swanton, was visited by many friends this summer, and all received the glad hand of welcome from the host and hostess. Mr. and Mrs. I. M. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Willard McConnell, Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Wilson and son, all of Akron, spent a few happy days with the Pilliods. Mr. Wilson was having a two weeks' vacation with pay, and feels that he surely is lucky during the present hard times. He has been connected with the Good-year Company for fifteen years.

Mr. George Kinkel, of the Ohio Home, in renewing his subscription to the JOURNAL, said that he liked his trip to Boston, and that he was in Akron when the giant zeppelin was on view. He and Mr. James Naylor, of Barnesville, took a short ride in the Goodyear blimp, "Defender," and thought it was just grand up in the air.

Thinking there was to be a Labor Day picnic in Columbus, Mr. and Mrs. William L. Sawhill, of Pittsburgh, bobbed up the Saturday before Labor Day, only to find there was nothing doing hereabouts. They spent the night with Mr. and Mrs. Walter Wark and then headed their car for home, but no one knows what stops they made before reaching Pittsburgh.

Rev. Smielau conducted a service at the Ohio Home September 8th, for the residents.

The members of the women's Board of visitors at the Ohio Home called on Wednesday, September 9th, and gave the place a thorough inspection. Later the Board will report their findings to the Board of Managers.

Those present were Mrs. Ella Zell, chairman; Mrs. Joseph Neutzing, Mrs. C. Charles, Mrs. W. Wark, and the Misses MacGregor and Edgar. Mrs. Minnie Y. Schory, another member, was not able to be present, as her duties kept her at the school for the blind that day. Mr. Zorn and Mrs. Thomas, members of the executive committee, were also at the Home on business. A good chicken dinner was served and the dinner hour was spent in talking over the Home affairs with Mr. and Mrs. C. Clapham.

While inspecting Warnstaff Hall, we noted in the room furnished by the N. F. S. D. divisions of Cleveland, Cincinnati, Dayton, Akron, Springfield, Toledo, Canton and Columbus, a fine photograph of the late F. P. Gibson, and several group pictures of gatherings of the N. F. S. D. This room is the largest one in Warnstaff Hall. On the wall over his bed, Mr. Kinkel has over thirty-six badges that he has worn at reunions and conventions.

Only two more can now be admitted to the Home, and we understand that several have applied.

When the women's board left the Home, they drove to the cemetery not far away and left lovely flowers on Miss Cloa Lamson's grave. Some members saw for the first time the Home lot with its neat headstones.

Rumor has it that Mrs. Margaret Uffell, of Springfield, O., is soon to become the wife of Mr. Rolland Marshall, of Hardin. As yet, no date for the wedding has been set.

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OHIO

Among the names appearing in the newspapers of 100 students who have been chosen on the basis of individual merit, high scholarship, aptitude and professional promise for the freshman medical class at Ohio State University is that of William K. Romoser, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Romoser, of Columbus. He has had two years of previous college work. Some years ago, William, while a boy in school, met with an accident to his eyes and had a long stay in a local hospital. It was while there that he became enthused over becoming a physician himself, and now he is nearing his goal.

Dr. Robert Patterson is now visiting with his son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bond (Bertha Patterson), in New York City.

In wandering through Columbus' fine arts gallery, we came upon a large painting of zinnias in bright colors. It was so striking and natural that we looked closer and found this on a card: "In Memory of Hannah Davis Greener. From Her Family."

Mrs. Mary Corbett, of Bellaire, and Miss Henrietta Gould, of the State of Washington, have been together in Columbus for a few weeks. They spent an enjoyable week at Buckeye Lake, a popular resort for Central Ohio people.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Davis, of Trenton, Mich., and formerly of Sandusky, O., are now living in Columbus, across the street from the school, much to the joy of Mr. and Mrs. Beckert, as the latter can daily see her parents and look after their comfort. Then Mr. Davis can look over at the boys at play in the school yard.

Mr. Ernest Zell and Miss Ethelburga, Zell after enjoying the gypsy life in their Hupmobile for several weeks back, are home, looking and feeling grand. Their trip took them through several States in the West and ended at Cincinnati, before coming back to Grandview.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Norbert Pilliod, Swanton, was visited by many friends this summer, and all received the glad hand of welcome from the host and hostess. Mr. and Mrs. I. M. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Willard McConnell, Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Wilson and son, all of Akron, spent a few happy days with the Pilliods. Mr. Wilson was having a two weeks' vacation with pay, and feels that he surely is lucky during the present hard times. He has been connected with the Good-year Company for fifteen years.

Mr. George Kinkel, of the Ohio Home, in renewing his subscription to the JOURNAL, said that he liked his trip to Boston, and that he was in Akron when the giant zeppelin was on view. He and Mr. James Naylor, of Barnesville, took a short ride in the Goodyear blimp, "Defender," and thought it was just grand up in the air.

Thinking there was to be a Labor Day picnic in Columbus, Mr. and Mrs. William L. Sawhill, of Pittsburgh, bobbed up the Saturday before Labor Day, only to find there was nothing doing hereabouts. They spent the night with Mr. and Mrs. Walter Wark and then headed their car for home, but no one knows what stops they made before reaching Pittsburgh.

Rev. Smielau conducted a service at the Ohio Home September 8th, for the residents.

The members of the women's Board of visitors at the Ohio Home called on Wednesday, September 9th, and gave the place a thorough inspection. Later the Board will report their findings to the Board of Managers.

Those present were Mrs. Ella Zell, chairman; Mrs. Joseph Neutzing, Mrs. C. Charles, Mrs. W. Wark, and the Misses MacGregor and Edgar. Mrs. Minnie Y. Schory, another member, was not able to be present, as her duties kept her at the school for the blind that day. Mr. Zorn and Mrs. Thomas, members of the executive committee, were also at the Home on business. A good chicken dinner was served and the dinner hour was spent in talking over the Home affairs with Mr. and Mrs. C. Clapham.

While inspecting Warnstaff Hall, we noted in the room furnished by the N. F. S. D. divisions of Cleveland, Cincinnati, Dayton, Akron, Springfield, Toledo, Canton and Columbus, a fine photograph of the late F. P. Gibson, and several group pictures of gatherings of the N. F. S. D. This room is the largest one in Warnstaff Hall. On the wall over his bed, Mr. Kinkel has over thirty-six badges that he has worn at reunions and conventions.

Only two more can now be admitted to the Home, and we understand that several have applied.

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and a very successful affair. The committee in charge deserves much praise for their work in arranging the games.

The following was clipped from a Maumee, O., newspaper. Maumee is not far from Toledo:—

"We had the pleasure one day this week of calling on a young lady by name of Helen Peffy, whose home is in New Madison, O.; and, at present, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kane, of West Broadway, Maumee. Aside from the particular interest in the young lady herself, was her proficiency in making artificial flowers and other objects—worth going a long way to see. The flowers would fool King Solomon's bees. Her particular handicap is that she is totally deaf and is blind in one eye. Her work has many admirers."

E.

400,000 Chinese Deaf People

In America about 175 schools for the deaf offer a good education to anyone who may desire it. In China, with about 400,000 deaf people, less than 200 are in the seven schools there, one out of every 2,000!

The fact will mean more to us if we compare these conditions in China with those in our own country. If the same conditions existed here, there would be only about forty deaf children attending any school in the United States. There are, however, about 23,000 deaf children in schools now, and the great majority of the other 57,000 have enjoyed at least a common schooling, many of them a high-school training, and a large number has had a college education in the only college for the deaf in the world, Gallaudet College, Washington, D. C. Since the opening of Mrs. Mills' school in China, in 1887, 194 children have been taught in that school. Not many more than 400 Chinese deaf have had any schooling whatever. But 400,000 deaf actually live in that country!

And what does this mean to us? Does it not mean that there is very much that could and should be done for the deaf in China, especially when we consider that these deaf are cut off entirely from the possibilities of learning about Jesus, also their only Savior? Rom. 10: 13 15 St. Paul says: "Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved. How then, shall they call on Him in whom they have not believed? And how shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard? And how shall they preach except they be sent?"

This means that, if we send a man, he will preach for the deaf in China; the deaf will hear (understand) him. And when they hear him, the Holy Spirit will create faith in the hearts of the deaf. And when they believe in Jesus, they will call upon Him (pray to Him). And every one of those who call upon Him in faith will be saved.

The eternal salvation of the souls of the Chinese deaf is, in a way, in our hands; for saving faith will be kindled in their hearts through the labors of the man or men whom we shall send. On the other hand, if no preacher is sent to them their souls will be eternally lost. Our American Christians will therefore most certainly give their support also to this cause. Of this whatever. We have already had the proof of this in the form of contributions for this purpose.—Deaf Lutheran.

Pie and Fish, Symbols of Kindness

Mr. Smith, writes a contributor, had made a particularly good catch of black bass. Mrs. Smith picked out a big one and sent one of the boys with it over to their neighbors in the adjoining camp. "We won't bother to clean it for them," she said, "because that big boy of theirs can do it just as well as we can."

A few days later the grateful neighbor, not to be outdone, returned the favor by bringing across to the Smith's back door a nice juicy raspberry pie, freshly made from the wild raspberries growing in the woods behind the camps. That day the storekeeper across the lake had his weekly shipment of ice cream from the city, and none of the Smiths felt much like eating pie. The next day they all went on a trip down the stream, and the third day, when the pie was served, it had become so soft and soggy that everyone refused to touch it. Wrapping it up carefully in a newspaper, so that no one should see it, Mrs. Smith gave it to young Tom and asked him to take it out in the woods and bury it.

The next morning Mr. Smith went out to dig worms for his day's fishing. As he turned up the moist brown earth there, lying side by side, symbols of neighborly kindness, were the black bass and the raspberry pie!

Elephant Population Big

Large figures were used by estimators of Ceylon in computing the elephant population recently. They placed the number of pachyderms on the islands at 2,600. Of these 1,000 are said to be tamed for use in plantation work or religious ceremonies. Elephants still in the wild state are carefully protected, and are captured and tamed only when there is a market demand for the beasts.

DIXIELAND

Send news items for this column to I. H. Marchman, 518 Lee Street, S. W., Atlanta, Ga. A postal card will do.

The biennial 60-day session of the Georgia state legislature passed into history August 22d.

One of the most momentous legislative enactments in Georgia history was the departmental reorganization measure advocated by the executive administration. The Bill reduces the number of main departments of the state to approximately twenty, which take over the functions of 102 departments, boards and bureaus. The effective date is January 1, 1932.

The various boards of trustees of the educational institutions and eleemosynary institutions of the state will be extinct after this date. Such posts will be taken over by a board of regents and a board of control, respectively.

One of the first acts of our 33-year-old governor, Richard B. Russell, Jr., was to make a sacrifice in signing away six months of his first term as governor and affixing his signature to the bill to legislate his father out of two positions that he cherishes more than the office of chief justice of the Georgia Supreme Court.

Governor Russell did not hesitate at all to cut down his own term of office, but he did regret the necessity of ending the service of his father, Chief Justice R. B. Russell, Sr., as chairman of the board of trustees of the University of Georgia, and as chairman of the board of trustees of the State College for Women in Milledgeville as the reorganization bill provided. The latter institution has been the pet and hobby of the venerable Chief Justice for a quarter of a century. When a member of the legislature in 1888, he introduced the first bill to create the school. The bill did not pass, but he created such a sentiment for the school that it was founded the following year, and he was made chairman of the board of trustees and served in this capacity ever since. He also began as a trustee of the University of Georgia in 1887. The governor himself is an alumnus of this institution.

Governor Russell has shown that he is a man of sacrifice and of his word by such actions. He carried out pledges he made during his campaign last fall. His main issue was in opposition to diversion of \$5,000,000 from the state highway funds as advocated by his opponents to pay the state debts. The bill to create such diversion failed to pass in the recent legislature. Action speaks louder than words.

There has been a great decline in the educational progress in the Georgia School for the Deaf during the last fifteen years. It is due to the fact that the superintendent and principal, by their persistence in advocating the total abolition of the sign language, as well as the manual method of instruction, in favor of pure oralism, have brought about such deplorable and tragic conditions, that the deaf citizens of Atlanta and Georgia are deeply concerned and actually alarmed over the possible—may, certain disadvantageous results of such pure oral method of instruction. We are ashamed to say that this school is most deplorably and tragically backward. It has failed to send any of its graduates to Gallaudet College for the last twenty-five years. The majority of pupils have been forced to remain in the same grade from two to four years, or may be more, to acquire the knack of speaking a few words, which has led some of them to an aversion against returning to school this fall (we have positive proof of such an aversion) which is a disgrace on education.

It is hoped that the newly created board of control, which goes into effect after January 1, 1932, will note such conditions and bring about changes for the betterment of the school children.

On Labor Day a social gathering, under the auspices of Atlanta Division, No. 28, N. F. S. D., took place at the Fair Street pavilion in Grant Park. Various games under the direction of Bro. L. B. Dickerson were participated in, much to the amusement of the throng numbering about 110. Bro. P. W. Ligon was the master of ceremonies at the unveiling of the late Brother Grand President Francis P. Gibson portrait. The Rev. S. M. Freeman opened with a prayer and paid a tribute to Brother Gibson. The Rev. A. O. Wilson, who happened to be in the city on his way home to Meridian, Miss., made a brief but impressive speech on the life of Brother Gibson. Among the speakers were Brothers W. A. Willingham, J. E. Stackard, J. B. Dickerson, I. H. Marchman, L. M. Stallings and others the writer cannot recollect now. The Rev. Mr. Wilson closed the program with a prayer. The crowd broke up at 10 o'clock, going home happy and contented.

After spending a week visiting relatives at Evinston, Fla., and two weeks visiting her mother at Island Grove, Fla., Mrs. A. W. Pope returned to her home in St. Augustine, Fla. She reported having had

a most delightful rest; but said she was glad to get back to old St. Augustine. After all, there is 'no place like home.'

The lawn and gardens surrounding the Dixie Home in Point Moultrie have been cleaned off and the lawn nicely mowed, in preparation to housing some inmates in October. The caretaker reports the place now looks like a million dollar home. Mrs. C. L. Jackson, who is to assume her duties as temporary manager of the Home on October 1st, has been busily engaged making preparations to leave Atlanta for Point Moultrie.

Rev. and Mrs. J. W. Michaels are expected in Atlanta soon on his way to Point Moultrie, to spend the winter months at the Dixie Home.

Miss Lillian Glover, who has been spending her summer vacation in Goldsboro, N. C., with her relatives stopped in Charleston, N. C., for a visit, enroute to Point Moultrie in her new Ford coupe to visit the Dixie Home, before completing the last leg of the journey to Baton Rouge, La., where she is to resume her duties as girls' supervisor in the school for the deaf.

At this writing, the Rev. R. C. Fletcher, of Birmingham, Ala., is the guest of the Marchman household. He is scheduled to give a lecture to-night (Saturday) and preach tomorrow. He has been away on a vacation in Texas, and we are glad to see him back with us. He comes to Atlanta on Saturday preceding the second Sunday of each month for lectures and religious services.

Bicentennial of George Washington

EVERY STATE, CITY AND TOWN TO PARTICIPATE IN NINE MONTHS BICENTENNIAL CELEBRATION

These points should be emphasized with respect to the celebration of the Two Hundredth Anniversary of the Birth of George Washington next year:

1—It is sponsored by the United States Government: Congress created the United States George Washington Bicentennial Commission and the President of the United States is its chairman.

2—It will not be a world's fair or exposition, and it will not be held in any one place.

3—It will be a nation-wide, even a world-wide series of celebrations in which every State, city and town—every organization and institution, every home and individual—in this country, together with Americans and others in many foreign countries, will participate. Every community is expected to plan and carry out its own program of events, in cooperation with the United States Commission and the State Commissions.

4—It will last from Washington's Birthday, February 22d, 1932, to Thanksgiving Day, November 24th, 1932, with special local and national celebrations everywhere on all holidays, anniversaries, or other days which can be connected with the life of George Washington.

5—While the ceremonies on February 22d should be especially elaborate and impressive, as marking the actual Two Hundredth Anniversary of George Washington's birth, arrangements also should be made for public gatherings, pageants, plays, processions, musical festivals, tableaux and other events, at various times during the entire period of more than nine months. Every program should relate to the great life and work of the First President and Founder of the Republic. On Memorial Day, Independence Day, Labor Day, Thanksgiving Day and other national or local holidays or anniversaries, there should be special programs, but the celebration should not be confined to these days.

6—It will take time to prepare the local programs and arrange for the local celebrations. The United States Commission urges mayors and other officials of every city and town in the country to appoint George Washington Bicentennial Commissions or Committees, in order to prepare for the events of the Bicentennial Year.

7—All organizations and institutions of whatever character—civic, business, labor, educational, fraternal, literary, social and others—are urged to plan for a "George Washington Year" in 1932.

8—The United States George Washington Bicentennial Commission, Washington Building, Washington, D. C., will send literature and suggestions for local programs to any committee, organization or group that will write for them.

Sundry

Frank Widaman, of Greensburg, Pa., and John P. Detweiler, of Danville, Pa., returned home Monday after attending the fiftieth anniversary celebration of the convention in Harrisburg, Pa., with attendance of four hundred delegates from the country. They have had a fine time.

Mr. William E. Hummel, of Lewisburg, suffering cuts of the face and the four ribs of the left shoulder, was taken to his home. He was a graduate of the Pine and Broad Streets, Institution Philadelphia.

FANWOOD

The summer season is generally supposed to end with Labor Day, but those who came back to the city after the holidays experienced some of the hottest days of the year. The mercury climbed up to ninety-six degrees, which certainly made things uncomfortable for a while.

But with the opening of school postponed until the 22d, the pupils will be returning only a day before the autumn season, and ought to be able to start the new school year with a zest and make up for the two weeks lost time.

Everything at Fanwood is in readiness for their return. Most all the teachers and officers are back in the city again for next Tuesday's opening.

Major Francis G. Landon, President of the Institution, called on Wednesday last to inspect the various improvements that were authorized by the Board of Directors to be completed during the summer. The Major has just returned from France, where he spent the summer with his daughter and her children. We are glad to have him here with us again and to know that he has benefited in health and has had a good rest during his stay abroad.

Last Thursday's newspapers had the following, which is of interest to those at Fanwood:—

"Governor Roosevelt, of New York, and Governor Larson, of New Jersey, will cut a ribbon and officially open the new Hudson River bridge to traffic on October 24th. Vice-President Curtis will represent the national administration at the ceremonies.

"The big span, it was explained, will be far from completion at the opening. But two roadways for pedestrians and four motor lanes will be ready.

"In naming the span after George Washington, it was considered desirable that the dedication have a patriotic tone. John Vernon Bouvier, Jr., president of the Sons of the Revolution, will speak. Bouvier will be the only orator besides the Vice-President and Governors. John F. Galvin, chairman of the Port Authority, will preside."

The streets around the school grounds are becoming quite perilous because of the many automobiles. Last week, a swift motorcycle collided with a Ford sedan at the corner of 165th Street and the avenue. The cycle rider was hurled into the air and seriously injured.

A few days later the dawn of the morning revealed a taxicab wrecked against a tree at our 164th Street entrance. The cab must have been speeding when it ran squarely into our sturdy elm, judging from the telescoped condition of the radiator and engine.

On Friday last, a new Chevrolet runabout was parked at the curb in front of our 165th Street gate. It started, but only went a few feet and suddenly shot around in a wide circle, going across the street and coming back to crash into our high iron gate between the laundry and the trades school building. Bumper, fenders and tires collapsed from the impact, and even the gate was bent and knocked out of plumb. It developed that the woman driver had had only three days' experience at driving. Fortunately no one inside or outside the car was hurt, but there will be "painful" repair bills to pay.

After a month's sojourn in Pennsylvania, Captain Chester C. Altenderfer returned last week with a nice coat of tan, bespeaking a happy time. He also had a happy smile, and anyone noting the fine Oldsmobile he was driving would know there was reason enough.

Miss Alice Judge, of the teaching staff, arrived Monday morning, having temporarily closed up her bungalow in the Catskills. She reports it was fine and cool up there, while the city folks were sweltering last week.

William L. Stokely, head chef, took an automobile trip to Montreal, Canada, in company with several others, arriving there on Sunday afternoon, September 6th, and returning to the Institution on Tuesday morning. He reports having had a very enjoyable time.

Mr. Renner, our printing instructor, spent the week-end at Long Beach, L. I., with his family, and after swimming in the surf all morning, became an unwilling member of the sunburnt circle.

Misses Margaret Gunther and Mildred Wenrich have returned to their duties, after an enjoyable vacation in the Keystone State.

Cadet Albert Capoci is taking the place of Cadet Walter Shafran at the printing office this week.

Mr. George H. Davis, accompanied by Mrs. Davis, left on Monday for Ocean Grove, where he is to spend the last week of his vacation.

Take advantage of the little opportunities and you won't need to wait for a big one.

Much of the time it isn't what we would like to do but what we must do.

Canadian News

News items for this column, and subscriptions, may be sent to Herbert W. Roberts, 778 Armadale Ave., Toronto, Ont.

IN SASKATOON

We left early Thursday morning, August 27th, to visit Mr. and Mrs. R. J. D. Williams and see the new school for the deaf in Saskatoon, and returned to Regina again at midnight the same evening.

Mr. Bert P. Partridge, of the C. P. R. offices in Winnipeg, and a graduate of Gallaudet College, was a guest of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. D. Williams for a few days at the time of the visit of Mr. and Mrs. Roberts here. He is a jolly good fellow.

Mr. George M. Donald, Chief of Police of Saskatoon, and Mrs. Donald, who live close to the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. D. Williams and the new school, have two deaf daughters, Maureen and Sheila, who will attend the new school here. They formerly attended the Winnipeg school, but their parents were not in sympathy with pure oralism, and are glad their children will be taught in a better and faster way, and are loud in their praise of R. J. D. Williams and his energetic band of "pushers," who brought the new school into being.

Upon their arrival, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Roberts, of Toronto, went to the home of the Williamses on Clarence Avenue, and then to the new school, and were practically dumbfounded at the beauty, comfort, convenience and well-arranged details of the new school, which, when completely equipped, will rank among the finest in America. Mr. Roberts has promised to give a write-up of this magnificent building later on.

Mrs. R. J. D. Williams and little daughter, Audrey, have returned from their lengthy sojourn at the former's old home in Hazelcliff, Sask., looking robust and brawny. They are coming to like their new surroundings. Mr. Williams, who is the newly-elected chief supervisor at the school, did not expect to be called to duty until September 1st, but as there was a vast amount of work to be done before the opening day—September 8th—he came here from Regina with his household effects and at once pitched into his new duties on August 17th. The school is now well under way.

While standing at a corner waiting for a street car on their arrival here from Regina, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Roberts were approached by a street car conductor, then on his way to duty, and asked if they wanted any information, having been attracted by their sign movements. Much to the surprise of the visitors, the conductor could converse with them freely in the sign manual. He was Mr. John A. Hallam, father of Arthur Hallam, now a pupil at the new school here.

Those who were with her at the Belleville and Winnipeg schools in years gone by, will remember Miss L. Grant. Well, she had been working for and taking care of the children of Mr. H. Frame, of Lenore, Man., whose wife had died. Now Miss Grant has married Mr. Frame and they are still living in Lenore, Man.

After posting my last batch of news to your paper at Regina, we left at 5:20 P.M., Monday, August 28th, on another all-night run of 475 miles to Calgary. At the Regina station, to bid us good-bye, were our good deaf friends, Mrs. Jessie Calder, Mrs. Noah LaBelle and Messrs. George Grant, Robert Hanson and J. Sedler, all of whom—especially the two ladies—had pleasantly entertained us throughout our sojourn in Regina. While taking a stroll through the newly-built and commodious post office near the station, your reporter happened to make the acquaintance of Mr. Walter Stephens, the clerk in charge, who informed the writer that he had a daughter, Lillian Winnifred Stephens, who is now attending the new Saskatoon school. Mr. Stephens speaks in the highest terms of the courage and determination of Mr. R. J. D. Williams, George P. Riley, and other deaf who brought the building of the Saskatchewan school to a successful conclusion, thus saving him and many other parents the trouble and expense of sending their children so far down to Winnipeg, when they are now so near the new school.

On our way to Calgary, we arrived in that large and beautiful city of Moose Jaw before dark, and were thus able to seize up its size and picturesqueness. Moose Jaw derived its name in a very curious way. Many years ago, when it was an Indian settlement, these redskins found the moose, that roamed the land in immense herds, a very palatable food, and, as a consequence, large numbers were slaughtered annually and their bones piled in heaps all around on the ground upon which this city was built, hence its name. We also passed through the cities of Lethbridge and Medicine Hat, before we pulled into Calgary at 7:55 next morning.

IN CALGARY

What a most beautiful city is Calgary, and the second largest city between Toronto and Vancouver, being surpassed only by Winnipeg. To the amazement of the writer and Mrs. Roberts, this city has some of the most beautiful private homes we have ever seen, built in English, Spanish

and Canadian style, and they even surpass those found in Rosedale, Toronto, as regards beauty and architectural design.

This city is situated at the junction of the Bow and Red Rivers, and about two miles south of the city, there is now under construction one of the largest reservoirs in the world, comprising more than sixty square miles in area. In Winnipeg, Regina and Saskatoon, we had the pleasure of meeting quite a number of deaf friends, and had hopes of doing the same in Calgary, but failed to meet any. However, our dear cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Archie Ferguson, and Mr. and Mrs. James Burnett, entertained us most lavishly during our three days' sojourn here. As we had a long way yet to go and our time so limited, we were obliged to bid our Calgary friends adieu and board the fast train, "The Dominion," for Banff, which we did at 8:30 on the morning of September 1st, and followed the Bow River on one side and the famous Foot Hills of Alberta on the other. These Foot Hills are noted as the famous setting for movie pictures for the screen, as enacted by such noted screen celebrities as Harold Lloyd, and other cowboys, and these hills are the runner up to the world-famed Canadian Rockies.

IN BANFF

We arrived in Banff shortly after eleven the same morning, and what a beautiful and awe-inspiring sight greets us as we detain. Heavenward-towering, snow-clad peaks are on all sides, with flowing blueish streams surging through many a winding crevice far below. As we had decided to spend the whole day sightseeing through this wonderful country, we hurriedly ate our mid-day lunch and then engaged a sightseeing taxi and went for a long drive all afternoon. Up in the mountains went we, first round many a curve that was nerve racking, and as we neared the highest penetrable altitude, we could feel the clouds wafting over our heads. That gave us the sensation of being in the lofty heavens. Peeping down into the death-staring chasms below, we could behold pedestrians moving like tiny ants, or swift-moving autos like big spiders. The sights you behold at such a high altitude is beyond description. Besides ourselves, in this uxorious sightseeing taxi were four other ladies on a tour to the West, two of them hailing from Salem, Mass., one from England and one from Ireland. Seeing we conversed in the sign manual, they were not slow to manipulate it, and soon we were all a friendly bunch. It greatly pleased us when we saw they could make their wants known to us by signs, and one of the ladies from Salem, who had come in contact with a number of deaf people who had been taught under pure oralism, assured the writer that she thought the way we conversed was more pleasant and convincing than pure oralism. She said that the way many talked by the pure oralism method was shameful and disgraceful. The pronunciation was terribly awkward and the syllabic connections was shocking and embarrassing in the extreme. She said our means of conversation was speedier and more graphic, while the facial expressions in the pure oralistic conversations was a farcical shame. This lady in question turned out to be a normal school teacher.

At all points of interest, the taxi would stop, and if we wished we could alight and stroll around. Leaving these dizzy altitudes with their eternal snows, we descended to the verdant valleys below via roundabout routes that exposed to the human eye the marvellous wonders of God's creation. The great overhanging boulders in the most inconceivable formations and jaw-gulping canyons below. The sparkling glaciers that flowed down the steep mountain sides to the fast flowing streams below, and out to the open spaces, was a never-to-be-forgotten sight. Now we go out to Jasper Park, with life on every side, both in animal and natural creation. We passed buffalos, bears, lynxes, and many other such animals, roaming at large. Then to the wonderful cave, the Jasper Park golf links, the beautiful waterfalls and a trip through the famous Banff Springs Hotel, brought our day's pleasure seeking to a close. We were greatly interested in the street names we traversed in Banff. They are all named after the animals you come across in Jasper National Park, such as Squirrel Street, Bear Street, Lynx Avenue, Monkey Crescent and so on.

We left Banff on the midnight flier, "The Imperial," on an all-night and all-day run to Vancouver, where we arrived at 8:15 P.M. on September 2d, thus crossing Canada from Toronto to the Coast. On the last stretch of this long journey, we saw wonders that would make a naturalist sit up and think. As we went along over this 560-mile stretch between Rogers and Glacier, we passed through one of the longest tunnels in America. It is five miles long, and took our fast-running train twenty minutes to traverse. Other tunnels of a more or less length were passed through. This long tunnel at Glacier is known as the Connaught Tunnel.

At Sicomous, we came to Lake Shuswap, and follow along its beautiful shore almost to Kamloops. It was a

tempt to view the adjacent mountains mirrored in its blue, placid waters. Then we strike the famous Fraser River, on which the greatest salmon-packing industry in the world is carried. It runs all the way to Vancouver, parallel with our line, with the world-famed Rockies on either side. When we pulled into the village of Taft, we were surprised to note that out of the score or more houses here only three or four tenanted, which tempted our reporter to exclaim, "No wonder President Taft is dead!" As we sped along this snake-like course, we could observe that we were on a route similar in every respect to the famous Niagara Falls Gorge route, with its awe-inspiring and nerve-racking sights right and left. Finally we pull into Vancouver, where your scribe mails these items off to the JOURNAL. More anon.

HERBERT W. ROBERTS.

Many Reasons Why You Should be a Frat

BROOKLYN DIVISION, No. 23, N. F. S. D. meets in Brooklyn, N. Y., on the first Saturday on each month. We offer exceptional provisions in the way of Life Insurance and Sick Benefits and unusual social advantages. If interested, write Nicholas J. McDermott, Secretary, 1567 Broadway, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Manhattan Division, No. 87 National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, meets at 143 West 125th Street, New York City (Deaf-Mutes' Union League Rooms), first Wednesday of each month. For information, write the Secretary, John N. Funk, 1613 Fowler Ave., Bronx, New York City.

Bronx Division, No. 92, N. F. S. D. The value of Life Insurance is the best proposition in life. Ages limited from 18 to 55 years. No red tape.

Meets at Edling's Casino, East 156 Street and St. Ann's Avenue, Bronx, New York City, first Fridays. If interested, write for information to division secretary, Louis C. Saraceno, 686 St. Ann's Ave., Bronx, New York City.

Hebrew Assn. of the Deaf, Inc.

Meets Third Sunday afternoon of the month. Information can be had from Dr. A. Felix Nash, Executive Director, 210 West 91st Street, New York City, or Mrs. Anna Sturtz, Secretary, 988 Whitlock Avenue, N. Y.

Cleric Literary Association

Founded September 22, 1865. 3120 North Sixteenth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Object: Moral and intellectual advancement and social enjoyment of the members. Every Thursday evening, at 8:15 o'clock the year round. Visitors and strangers are cordially welcome to visit the club rooms. Arthur Fowler, President; William H. Lipsitt, Secretary, 3220 North Sixteenth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.; Harry E. Stevens, Treasurer.

Brooklyn Hebrew Society of the Deaf

Meets second Sunday of each month except July and August, at the Hebrew Educational Society Building, Hopkinson and Sutter Avenues, Brooklyn. Services and interesting speakers every Friday evening, at 8:30 P.M., at the H. E. S. English Class, every Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday at 8 o'clock sharp at P. S. 150, Sackman and Sutter Avenues, Brooklyn. Irving Blumenthal, President; William Schurman, Secretary, 1700 Carroll Street, Brooklyn.

St. Ann's Church for the Deaf

511 West 148th Street, New York City. Rev. GUILBERT C. BRADDOCK, Vicar. Church services every Sunday at 3 P.M. Holy Communion, first Sunday of each month, at 11 A.M. and 3 P.M. Office Hours:—Morning, 10 to 12. Afternoon, 2 to 4:30. Evenings, 8 to 10, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday only.

Deaf-Mutes' Union League, Inc.

143 West 125th Street, New York City. Club Rooms open the year round. Regular meetings on Third Thursday of each month, at 8:15 P.M. Visitors coming from a distance of over twenty-five miles welcome. Jacob M. Eblin, President; Nathan Schwartz, Secretary, 143 West 125th Street, New York City.

Brooklyn Guild of Deaf-Mutes

Meets first Thursday of each month at the Church of the Messiah, 80 Greene Ave., cor. Clermont. Gates Ave. car stops at door.

SOCIALS AND ENTERTAINMENTS

October 31—Hallowe'en Party. Mrs. E. Schnakenberg. November 21—Harvest Food Sale. Mr. C. Fitzpatrick. December 26—Christmas Festival. Mrs. C. Fitzpatrick. MRS. CHARLES FITZPATRICK, Chairman.

Evangelical Assn. of the Deaf

UNION SERVICES FOR ALL THE DEAF. LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA. Rev. Clarence E. Webb, Minister. Mr. Daniel E. Moran, Assistant. Every Sunday. Bible Class 2 P.M. Worship and Sermon 3 P.M. Methodist Church, Hop. and Eighth Streets. Room 15. Address all communications to the E. A. D., 3955 S. Hobart Boulevard, Los Angeles. A hearty welcome to all the deaf!

Detroit Association of the Deaf

Third floor, 8 East Jefferson St., near Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich. Club room open every day. Regular meeting on second Friday of each month. Visitors always welcome.

PAS-A-PAS CLUB, Inc.

4802 Broadway. CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

Out-of-town visitors are welcome. Business meetings—First Saturdays. Entertainments, Socials, Receptions—Second, Third and Fourth Saturdays. Room open Thursdays, Saturdays and Sundays.

FOURTH ANNUAL

MASQUERADE BALL

Under auspices of

NEW HAVEN DIVISION, No. 25

N. F. S. D.

MONTEWESE HALL

210 MEADOW ST., NEW HAVEN, CT.

Saturday November 21, 1931

Doors open at 7 P.M.

CASH PRIZES FOR BEST COSTUMES

DANCING.—Music by one of the best local orchestras

Admission, 75 Cents. Under-14 Years, 40 Cents

APOLOGIES TO SOME—GOOD NEWS TO MANY

Owing to our inability to secure a hall for Saturday, October 31st, large enough to accommodate the ever increasing attendance at our affairs, the committee announces the date of

Friday Evening, Oct. 30, 1931

as the

HALLOWEEN EVE DANCE

of

Bronx Division, No. 92

N. F. S. D.

to be held at the gorgeous and spacious

NEW ARMAGH BALLROOM

165 East 55th Street, Cor. 3d Avenue New York City

Directions to Hall.—By 3d Avenue "L," get off at 53d Street. By Lexington Avenue Subway, get off at 51st Street

Admission, - - - 55 Cents
GAMES — PRIZES — SOUVENIRS

THE COMMITTEE

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when there's silver in your
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you can't afford it.
You don't know!

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ever get.

No extra charge for deafness.
Free medical examination.

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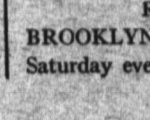
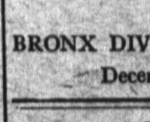
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Reserved

BRONX DIV., No. 92, N. F. S. D.

December 19, 1931.

Reserved for

BROOKLYN DIVISION, No. 23
Saturday evening, March 13, 1932

BALL and BAZAAR

under the auspices of

St. Mary's Ephpheta Society of Connecticut

to be held at

ST. PETER'S HALL

MAIN STREET, HARTFORD, CT.

Saturday, September 26, 1931

7:30 o'clock P.M.

Admission, 50 Cents

HOW TO REACH THE HALL:—When you come out of the R. R. station, take any car or bus going in the direction of the city. Get off at corner of Pearl and Main Streets, in front of Alderman's Drug store, where all cars and busses stop. Walk across Pearl Street. Stand near the big clock at the corner. Take a Zion Street car, or Wethersfield Ave. car, or Franklin Ave. car, or Park Ave. car. All will stop in front of St. Peter's Church (a large, brown brick structure), near a small park. St. Peter's Hall is to the right of the church.

F A I R

under auspices of

Woman's Parish Aid Society

to be held at

ST. ANN'S PARISH HOUSE

511 West 148th Street, New York City

FRIDAY AND SATURDAY

November 13 and 14, 1931

HOME COOKED DINNER, SATURDAY

6 to 8 P.M.

Admission, 10 Cents

ANNA M. KLAUS, Chairman.

"FROLIK NITE"

under the auspices of

Hartford Divison, No. 37

N. F. S. D.

to be held at

ODD FELLOWS HALL

420 Main St., Hartford, Ct.

Saturday, October 24, 1931

Doors open at 7:30 P.M.

WALTZ CONTEST CASH PRIZES

ENTERTAINMENT ORCHESTRA REFRESHMENTS

Admission, - - Fifty Cents

Under 14 years of age at half price

IT'S GOING TO BE A JOLLY AFFAIR FOR YOUNG AND OLD

MASQUERADE and BALL

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF

Manhattan Division No. 87

NATIONAL FRATERNAL SOCIETY OF THE DEAF

TO BE HELD AT

ODD FELLOWS MEMORIAL HALL

309 Schermerhorn Street, near Nevins Street

(Heart of Brooklyn)

SPECIAL FEATURES

Cash Prizes for the Most Funny Costumes
Most Represented Club Contest
Most Popular Girl Contest
Dancing Contest

Saturday Evening, Nov. 21st, 1931

TICKET (in advance) 75c. At Door \$1.00

Directions:—Take any I. R. T. train to Nevins Street Station or any B. M. T. train to DeKalb Avenue Station.